

FREE BATMAN BOARD GAME

# BATMAN<sup>TM</sup> AND SUPERMAN<sup>TM</sup>



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AND SEASONAL  
STORIES!

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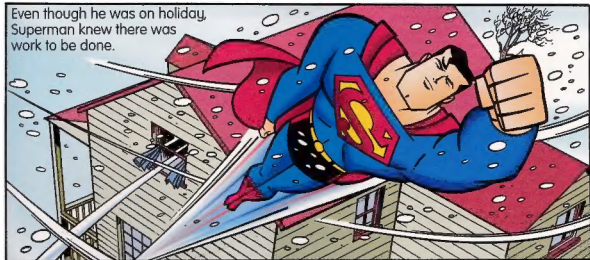


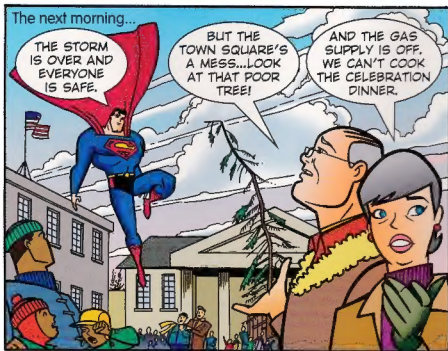
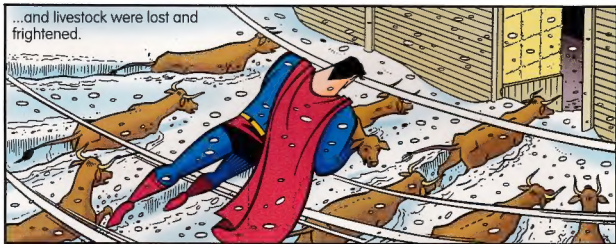
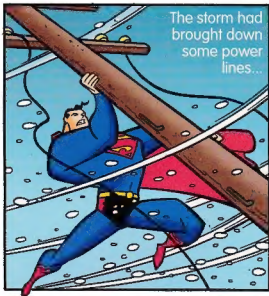
# IN HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

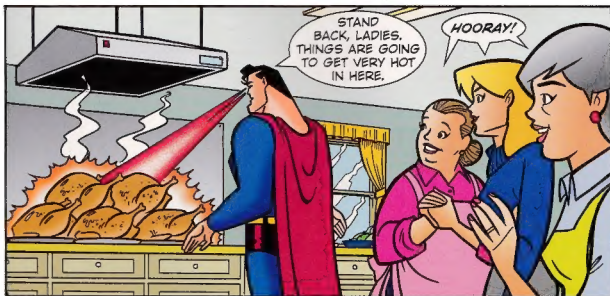
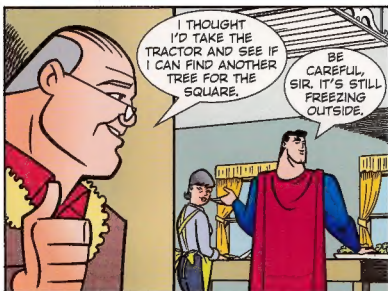
Smallville, Kansas...



Even though he was on holiday, Superman knew there was work to be done.









Pa had found a new tree and was making his way home.



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEARLY FINISHED, THANKS TO SUPERMAN.

I HOPE JONATHAN GETS BACK SOON.

I'D HATE HIM TO MISS DINNER.

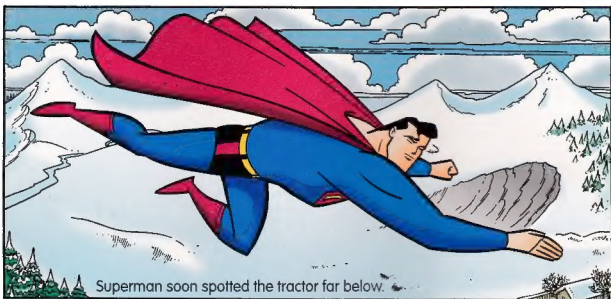


But Pa was in deep trouble.

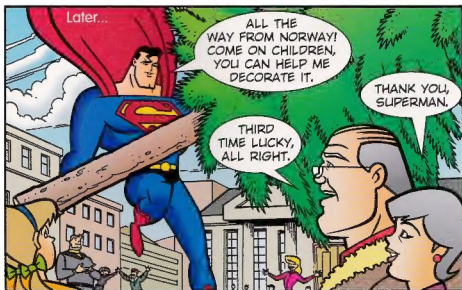
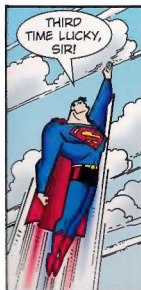
OH, NO!



I'm worried about Pa. I'm going to go out and look for him.



Superman soon spotted the tractor far below.





'Tis the season of robberies in...

# Santa's Little Helper

**B**ruce Wayne finished writing out his Christmas cards in the study and returned to the sitting room where he and Tim were each enjoying a mug of hot chocolate in front of the roaring fire.

The snow had stopped falling outside, and Nightwing and Batgirl were on duty. All should have been quiet and peaceful, but Bruce looked worried.

"Do you suppose Alfred has any more marshmallows for this great hot chocolate?" asked Tim Drake.

"No more time for hot chocolate, Tim," said Bruce. "Alfred will be in to clean up in a few seconds."

Moments later, Tim looked up in surprise as Alfred knocked on the door of

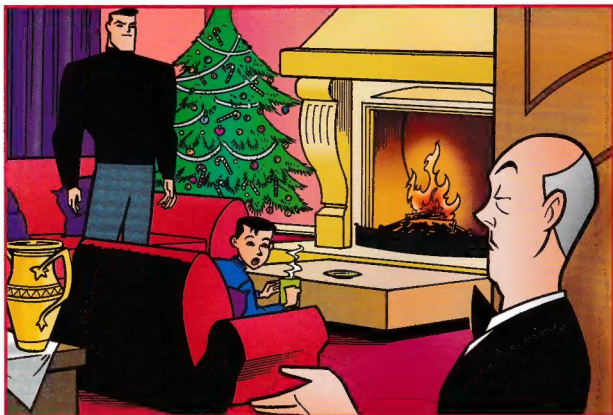
the cosy sitting room and entered.

"Excuse me, Master Bruce," said Alfred, "There appears to be a problem. Commissioner Gordon has activated the Bat-Signal."

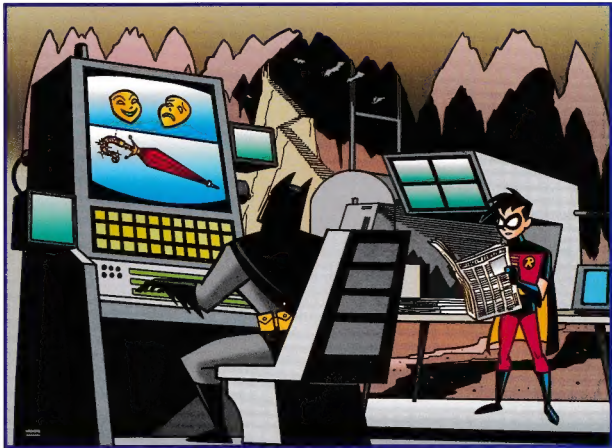
As Alfred left the room, closing the door behind him, Tim looked across at Bruce in wonder. "How did you know Alfred was coming in?" he asked.

"Elementary, my dear Tim," said Bruce, smiling wryly. "I saw the Bat-Signal through the window as I crossed the hallway."

At Police Headquarters, Commissioner Gordon told Batman the facts of the case. The police had arrived at







the antiques shop too late to catch the villain, but although someone had thrown a brick through the shop window, nothing appeared to have been taken. The owner of the shop then arrived and went through his stock with the policemen. It took him half an hour to realise that a pair of ancient Greek masks, showing the classic faces of comedy and tragedy, had been stolen.

The following day, back at Wayne Manor, Batman and Robin were in the Batcave. Batman pored over his computer as Robin checked the crime reports from Gotham City's newspapers for extra clues.

"Nothing!" said Robin. "It simply says that a pair of ancient Greek masks were stolen last night from an antiques shop in Gotham City."

"Two-Face," murmured Batman. "This has to be the work of Two-Face and his gang."

But this was the second robbery in two days and the first one had been a smash and grab as well, which made it look like the same villain was responsible for both crimes.

"The first robbery was of a very expensive umbrella with diamonds in the handle," Batman said, almost to himself.

"Why would Two-Face want an umbrella?" asked Robin. "That sounds much more like the Penguin, if you ask me."

Batman looked up thoughtfully from his computer screen. "That's the puzzle, Robin," he said.

Things were not going well in the Batcave. Batman was sure that the same person committed both robberies, but all the clues pointed to two different villains. This was a real teaser.

There were only three days left before Christmas and Batman was

determined to crack the case. He was concerned that the robberies would turn into a full-scale crime spree and ruin Christmas for everyone in Gotham City, including himself and Robin.

"I just don't understand," said Batman. "This doesn't look like the work of a criminal mastermind. It looks like the work of a frantic fool."

The Boy Wonder continued to read the newspaper as Batman listened to the police band radio. Robin had been wondering when he would find a chance to do a bit of Christmas shopping.

"...a Fabergé egg!" was all he heard. "Are you listening, Robin?" asked Batman.

"Something about a Fabergé egg," said Robin, staring down at a large advert in the newspaper.

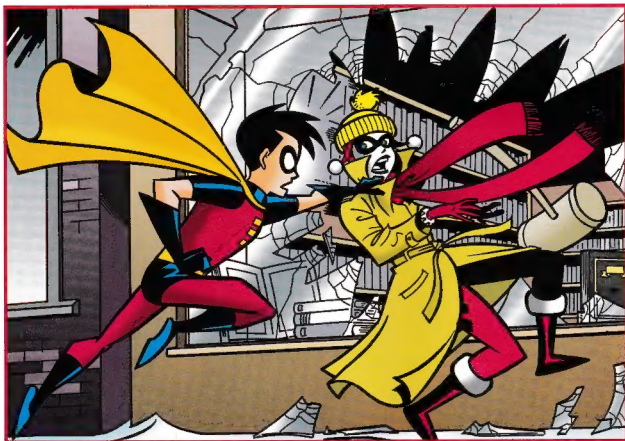
Batman had to explain that a jewelled, blue enamel Fabergé egg had been stolen in Gotham that day. A very

smart shop had a brick thrown through its window, just like the other two robberies. Robin suddenly became very interested. "Aren't robins' eggs blue?" he thought.

"There has to be a pattern," said Batman. "Masks, an umbrella and now this egg...they must have *something* in common if it's one criminal behind it all."

Robin tucked the newspaper under his arm, saying that he needed to go into Gotham City for a while. He left Batman putting new data into the computer.

On his way into the heart of Gotham City, Robin checked the address for the bookshop in the newspaper advert. The store had a very rare book for sale and Robin had a hunch. He found the shop and hid himself in an alley opposite. He crouched quietly and waited. He watched the shopkeeper lock up and walk away down the dark street. The book was in the



window. Moments later, Robin saw a shadowy figure stop outside the shop and heard the crashing of glass. He leapt out of his hiding place and bounded across the street, grabbing the thief, who didn't even have time to turn around.

"Stop, thief!" shouted Robin.

"Stop it! You're tickling me," giggled a girl's voice. Robin spun the figure around, only to come face to face with a pouting Harley Quinn. "I was just doing a little Christmas shopping!" she said.

"Yes!" said Robin. "The Greek masks for Two-Face, that umbrella for the Penguin and the Fabergé robin's egg for me. There'll be no more Christmas shopping for you, Harley," he said.

"But I haven't found anything lovely for my Joker, yet. And Batman certainly won't be getting *his* present now." Harley Quinn moaned on and on as Robin waited for the police to take her away. When they arrived and she was safely off to jail, Robin tucked his newspaper back under his arm before starting for home. He wanted to make sure he still had the newspaper so that he could go back to the bookshop, as Tim, when it was open.

On Christmas morning, Tim Drake and Bruce Wayne sat beside their huge Christmas tree in Wayne Manor, talking about Harley Quinn.

"So Harley was simply finding suitable gifts for all the costumed heroes and villains in Gotham," said Batman. "No wonder it was so hard to work out the pattern."

"If I hadn't been thinking about my own shopping I wouldn't have had my hunch," said Robin. He knew that Batman would have solved the crimes himself if he'd just had one more clue.

If Robin hadn't seen the advert for the book, he would never have guessed that Gotham's crime spree had really been a mad criminal's shopping spree.

Tim handed Bruce his Christmas present. Bruce unwrapped the parcel to find a very rare book inside. It was a first edition of a Sherlock Holmes novel, the story of a great detective, written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It was the book that Robin had seen advertised in the newspaper, the same book that Harley Quinn had decided to steal as a Christmas present for Batman. As Tim Drake, Robin had gone back to the shop and bought the book the day after he caught Harley. A famous detective story for Gotham's most famous detective.

THE END 

